

A QUESTION TO MY READERS:

It's come to my attention pretty often, that many of you come to this blog, and other such URLs, to perceive what you may of prison life, and those locked within.

It's been my intention to avoid writing directly about specific events, give detail of layout, or name names--so not to ... stir the pot, and cause retaliation from the prison staff. Though I have written in moments of upset, or confusion, and gotten good reviews for those prose. The moments are open, from the heart, and I think people sense that--wanting more. My suggestion for those that like them, is to certainly read my memoir "Mustard Grits," my poetry collections, "No Air," and "Breath," ("No Air," will be out as a free ebook by the end of this month) My journals will be published as "The Varieties of Life Experience," volumes 1- so far 2, but many more will follow. The memoir still has a couple of years on it to go, volume 1 of the journals, the first poetry collection, and two novels will all be released this year.

These publications still, do not reflect much of prison life: I just don't do that, the writing is my escape from this place. Oh, there's much I could write about, all the lock-downs, the regular occurrence of natural deaths, the occasional stabbing or rape among the inmates (usually the religious ones doing all the homosexual activity, the rapes, the robberies, etc. It's a pattern, as old as history: the religion is a front to mask what's really going on, just as when the Pope burned people to take their land or money--here people pray to hide their deviance.). Yes, I could write of these things: but why?

I prefer to do as Vonnegut, I'll put into the world using my knowledge of creative writing, with stories. In the stories there will be a mixture of fact and fiction, a hybrid that is both acceptable by state standards of security, and entertaining for readers. Yet still respectful to the truth. Through literary magazines, and this blog, my words reach hundreds of thousands of people; when the books begin their domino-tumble into the world I expect that number to increase exponentially. The works are all small pieces of a larger puzzle, even the letters I wrote in 2006-07, those actually by my hand, are of a design with this day in mind, and when they are even published, as "Letter to Jaime," many things will become clear.

As for my question: Do those of you who visit this blog find what it is you seek, or leave in want? I've been told that some delve into my prose, to find themselves surfacing 30 or 40 minutes later, surprised to find themselves still reading, getting, drawn into it. Editors have said similar of my poetry, they like it, are drawn to it, but can't explain exactly why.

Here is a window, an excerpt from my journal:

May 30, 2014 (Friday 7:53 a.m.)

Locked down again, this time because of some inmate on the other

side of this dorm somehow broke one of the tempered glass windows and cut his hand up pretty bad on it. When that happened over in Moultrie, only the other side was locked down--not the entire dorm.

But, oh well: I'll just sit here and eat a pack of "Pretzel" M&Ms (From the Spring Package Dad sent, that arrived on the 27th), drink my cup of 100% Columbian coffee, and work--as usual--on my writing. At some point soon, I'm gonna have to go back to staying up late just to get caught up on my work. I'm still trying to get this last and final galley edited of "No Air," out. The cover turned out great (see backside of this journal). I also need to do some art: the coach (over hobbycraft) requested all members to contribute a work for him to display up front showing BRCI talent.

I also need to put together a presentation for the next Character Council meeting about the official approval of CWI. I plan to put together a powerpoint presentation and use the projector and one of the computers in Education (if allowed), in an attempt to portray the highest possible level of professionalism, given the circumstance.

It's been a while since Dad sent any money, it's okay, since I just got the package--but I'm low on soap, and need to place a hobbycraft order and a Stratford payment. I'm so the procrastinator, when it comes to this pastel stuff ... though it makes very beautiful works--I considered a pastel work as my entry to the coach, but think it best to present a work in graphite, the medium in which I've been elected as god. I'll pull something brilliant out of thin air in the unexpected moment, as usual. ("Thin Air," that'd be a good title for my next poetry collection; a set that's reflective of inner growth, showing the future self freed somewhat from the past in which "No Air," was born.)

I called Mamaw yesterday evening, just to check in, but also to ask if she could send twenty dollars; but she informed me that my uncle Larry Hill had fallen from a ten-foot ladder while working on his barn, and died there shortly after. He had apparently "crawled," a short distance--I didn't particularly like that detail of information, it's akin to a news report I can remember from youth: some other state, where a couple was having a dispute of custody over their young daughter--the male (I won't call him the father), drove out to a country road where he put the sleeping girl into a roadside ditch, doused her with gasoline, and set her aflame, the report said that she'd "crawled" nearly ten feet ... the image of it in my mind will always bother me, and I'd like to rip the male who did it to pieces with my hands.

I hope that uncle Larry, in those last moments, went in some level of peace, and not anger at himself for the fall--that he rejoined Earth with positive, content, thoughts of his life well spent as a good father and a good husband. My cousins were very lucky to have had him.

June 4, 2014 (Wednesday 7:12 p.m.)

Well, the two tutors of question are gone: one has been under investigation, confined to his cell under suspicion of attempted escape--which can, in fact, mean a multitude of things; most likely that he was connected in some way with a cellphone. The other was written up today for a little quarrel that had occurred the other day between him and one of the teachers: superciliousness got the better of him, he'd stormed out after the teacher took charge of the class he was used to thinking was his. Since then, I guess he didn't realize that from that moment on, he was on a kind-of probation, and that his obsequiousness

towards a [unsuspecting] staff member was under spotlight.

Yesterday--on a completely different subject--I got back in from work, tired as usual, and checking the mail list first thing to see if I'd gotten any mail. I had, and it was a letter from --- ---, Editor at "----- Review," in the SASE that I'd sent my poetry submission with. Odd thing I noticed was how thick the envelope was (the rejection letters I've gotten so far, were thin ... just a single simple no.), my heart raced--I knew, in my gut, it was an acceptance letter. I went back to my cell and opened it [with care]: I found a letter, one typed (one handwritten also), a contract, my original submission of "The Us Within Us," with editorial suggestions, and a retyped version showing those suggestions. She even included a postage paid envelope to make sure I got the contract mailed back. The poem will appear in the 2014 issue (I believe they only publish one Tin House style book a year; which makes it that much more special), due out in August/September. My payment will be one contributors copy.

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In a conversation with the tutor (we're in the same dorm, and he'd come asking questions of anything I knew of what'd happened.), other things were revealed. First off, I thought he'd quit, but it turns out that's not the case: when he returned to the dorm, an OTR [Order to Report] was written out for him in the case worker's office. He said she'd called him in, and just started at writing the order to report --he thought for a brief moment he was being transferred--then he noticed the OTR was for the job board, she slid it to him and said, "You know what this means...?"

He did.

He knew he'd been fired. The odd thing about that is how quickly it happened, when inmates need a new job assignment it usually takes two (or three) weeks before getting an OTR. The fact that his took less than an hour is astounding, and shows that the associate Warden (who'd been in the building at the time), stepped in and expediated the process. Not liking something he had seen of the tutor or his behavior.

I removed the editors name, and jornal, out of respect; the piece is yet to be published. I signed the contract and returned it immediately. The editors suggestions to the poem were brilliant. The poem was in "No Air," but I've removed it and will publish it in "Thin Air," or "Breath." I wouldn't want to double publish simultaneously--and the editor gets first dibs on it. Some of the poems in "No Air," have been published, but enough time has passed that I can respectfully publish the collection. Though the removal of "The Us Within Us," has caused a slight delay in publishing by about a week, possibly two.

But it's worth it.

The excerpt above, is as it appears in my journal; and yes words like obsequiousness are there, handwritten, without use of dictionary or thesaurus. I typed the entry without check and that's why you see such a typo-style mistake as the misspelling of a word like "unsuspecting."

I gave you this excerpt to show that such does exist, and I'm sure you'd agree that such information--while fresh--can be potentially dangerous in my situation. While I do not have access to the internet in real-time, many inmates illegally

do, and access it profusely Googling names of other inmates. This is usually in search of child molesters, some inmates extort them for money--rape them or even kill them. And while there isn't anything about my charges or illegal conviction, or any thing here that would potentially put me at risk--I'd rather not post anything fresh, or exclusive, to particular individuals in my immediate surroundings. Each volume of "The Varieties of Life Experience," will be published in book form once two years has past the completion of each. Volume 1 is forthcoming, soon. The excerpt is from Volume 2.

Inmates are allowed to receive up to 5 pages of printed material at a time (ten including front and back) under state and Federal law; but it's considered rude, and prohibited, to get mailed in, information of other inmates. Still, it does happen on occasion, inmates are very resourceful at times.

There are many, many things I could write about that would keep you glued to my every word--but many of those things have no place here on this blog, and will have to wait as I bury them under piles of fictive camouflaging. I have enough enemies in the world as it is. Some of the non-fiction, will come out posthumously, just to be safe; but know, the stuff's that good, that I know it must be published for the benefit of society. The information is just so dangerous to so many people, that I cannot dare write it until they're all dead, or I am near death myself, but in the meantime it's right here, in my head, waiting. Maybe I'll get stabbed later today, or tomorrow, who knows ... and it'll be lost to time. Some of the information already rests within my prose and poems, even in some of my artworks, but it'll take the entirety of my legacy for the whole picture to become clear.

So, does that peek your interest, or sway you away?